

NATIONAL



AUGUST
No. 61

COMICS

10^c

The
BARKER

finds
TROUBLE
comes in
SMALL
PACKAGES!



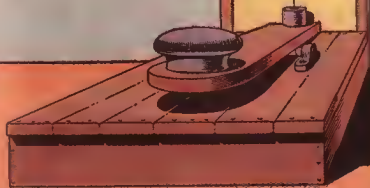
ROAR



LAUGH



GIGGLE





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

FORMERLY MILITARY COMICS

MODERN COMICS

THESE
TITLES ARE TOPS!



LOOK FOR
THE SEAL OF QUALITY



PACKED WITH

ACTION, LAUGHS AND THRILLS!

HIT COMICS NATIONAL COMICS

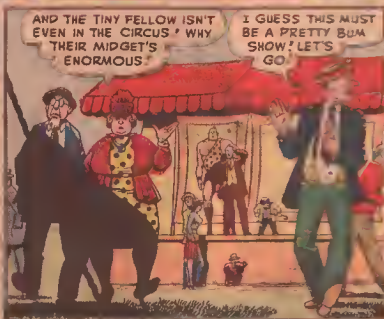
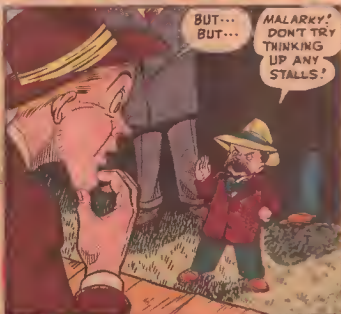
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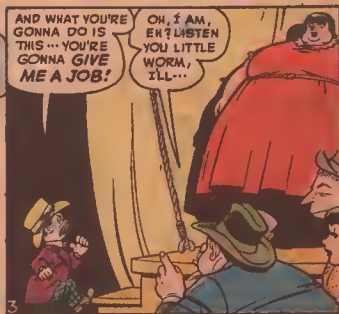
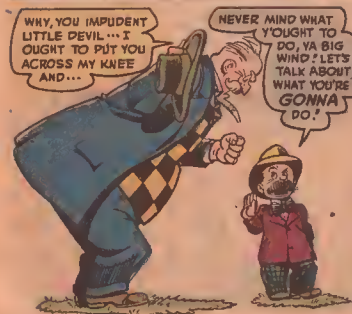
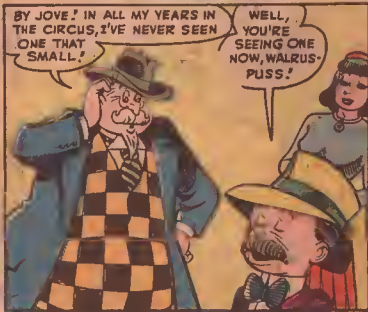
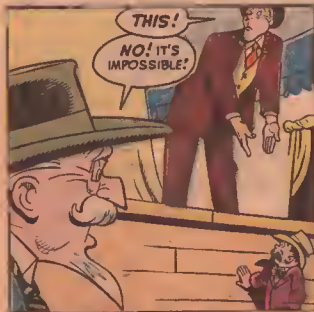
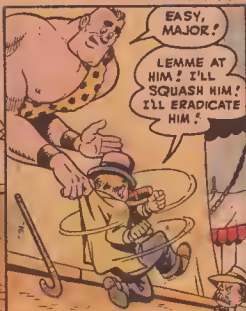
The BARKER

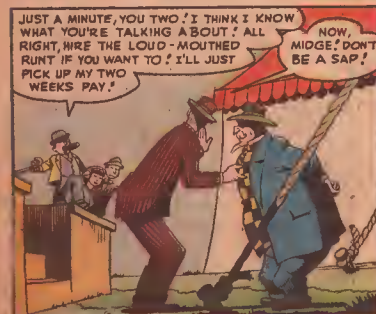
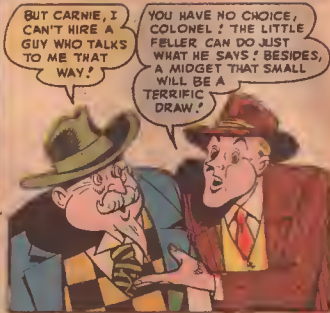
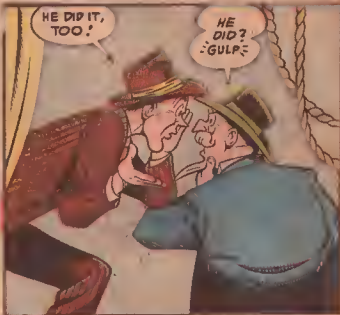


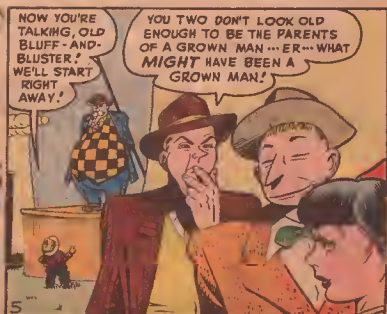
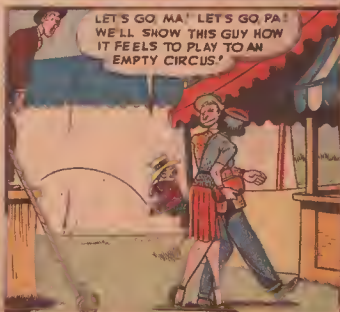
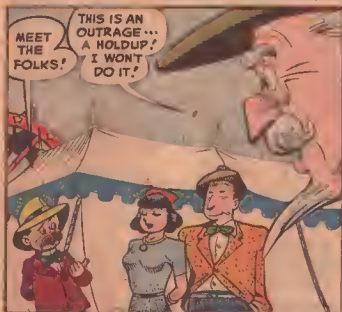
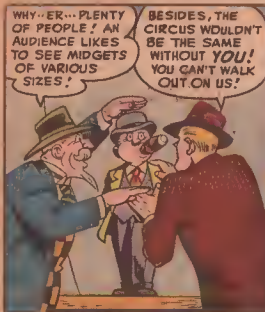
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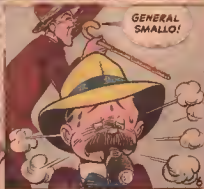
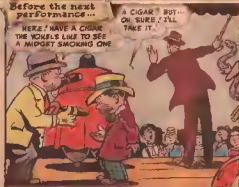
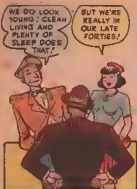
By Klaus Nordling

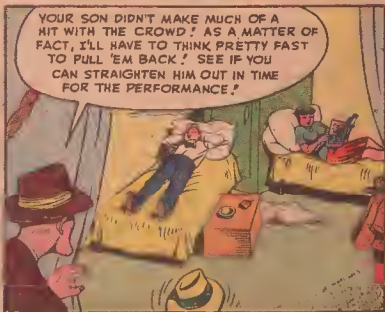
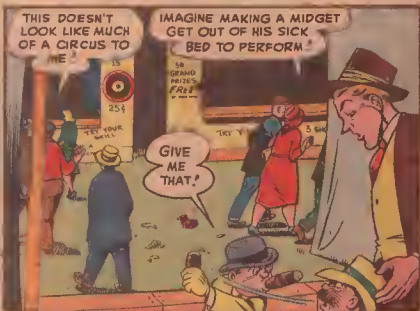
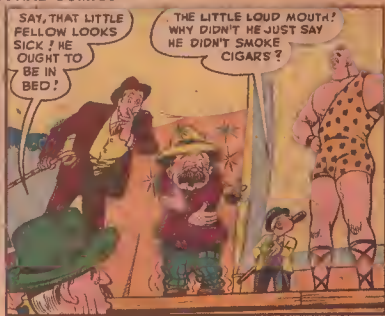


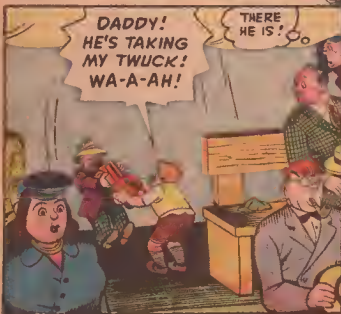
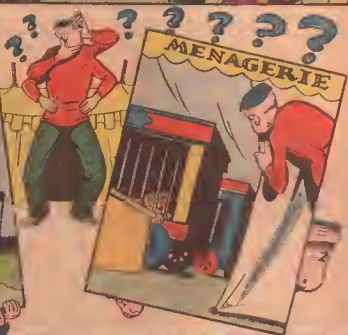
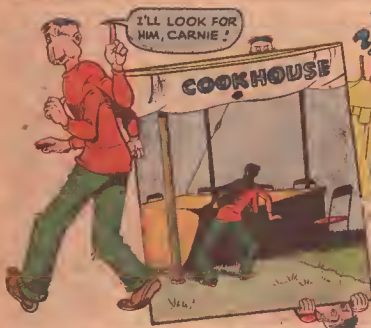


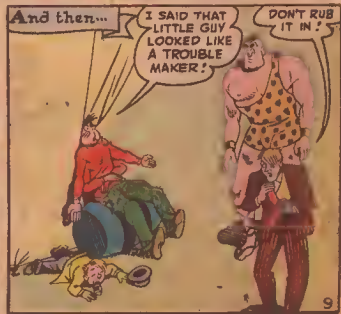
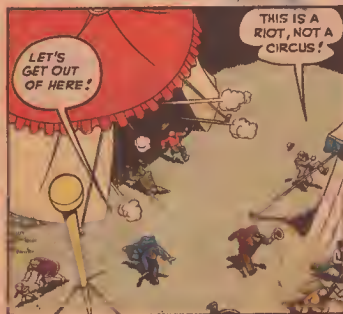
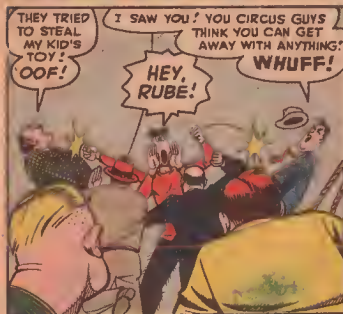


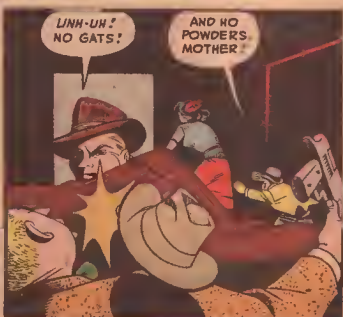
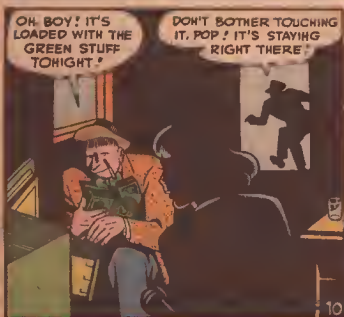
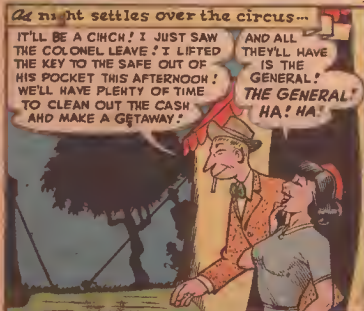
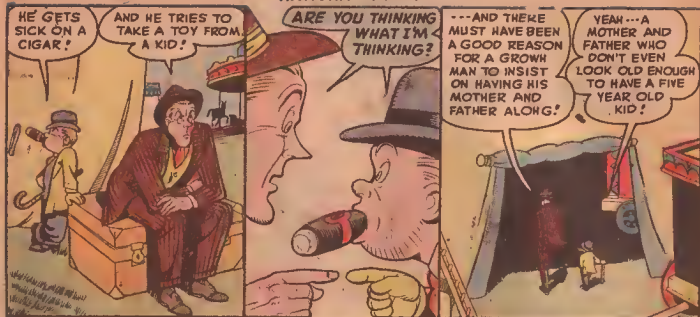


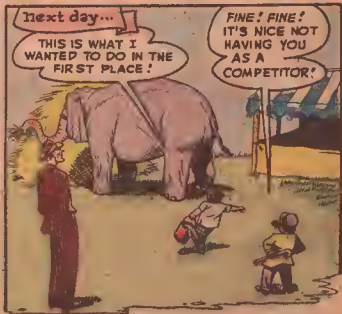
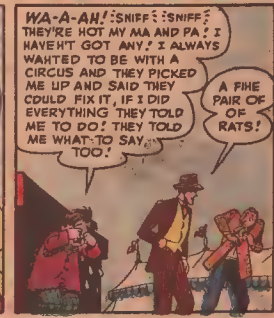
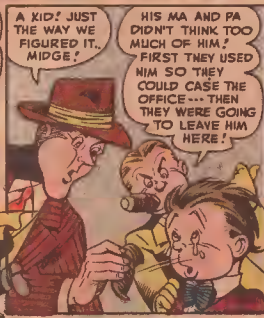
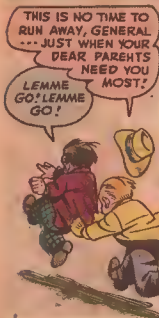
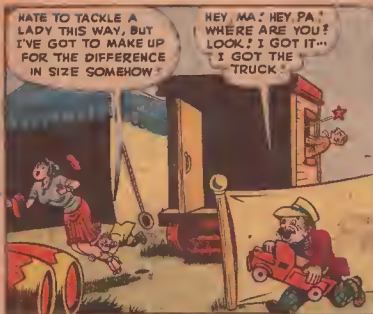












Steve WOOD

A. McWilliams

THEY SAY NOBODY COMES TO
JERKY JOE'S WATERFRONT DIVE
EXCEPT MEN OUTSIDE THE LAW...
DOES THIS INCLUDE STEVE WOOD



THE JOB OF SECRETARY TO DETECTIVE
STEVE WOOD ISN'T ALWAYS SUGAR AND
SPICE ...!!

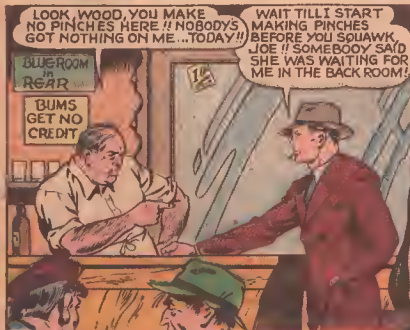
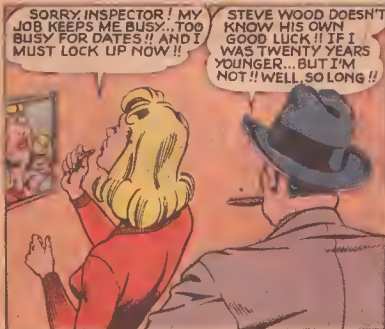
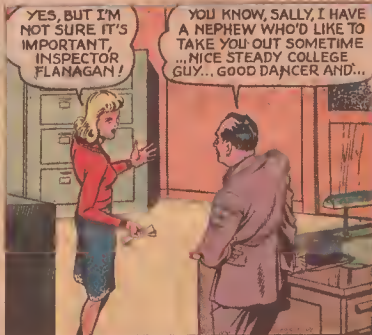
BUT STEVE... THIS
WAS THE NIGHT
YOU WERE GOING
TO TAKE ME TO THE
TREVOR GUARDSMEN'S
BALL REMEMBER ?

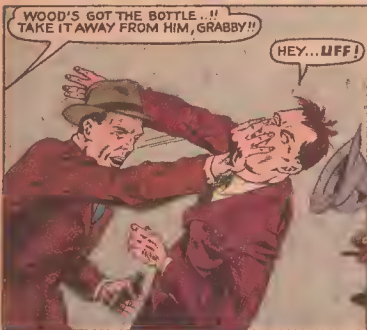
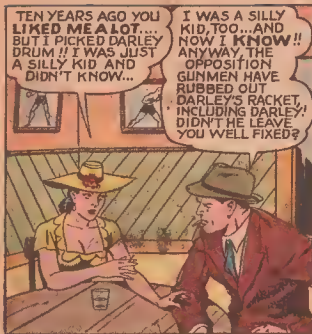
SORRY, SALLY...
SOMETHING'S
COME UP! WE'LL
HAVE TO MAKE
ANOTHER DATE
TOMORROW OR
THE NEXT NIGHT!
GOODBYE NOW!!



TROUBLE FOR STEVE ?
HE TOOK ONE LOOK AT
THIS LETTER AND BREEZED
OFF!!



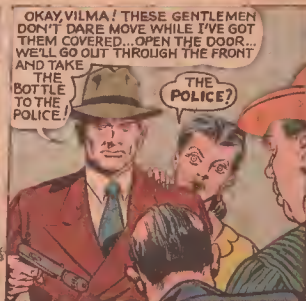






DON'T LET HIM TAKE YOUR GUN, HUNK!!

YEOW! I CAN'T HELP IT...!!



OKAY, VILMA! THESE GENTLEMEN DON'T DARE MOVE WHILE I'VE GOT THEM COVERED... OPEN THE DOOR... WE'LL GO OUT THROUGH THE FRONT AND TAKE THE BOTTLE TO THE POLICE!

THE POLICE?

THAT WASN'T WHAT I EXPECTED OF YOU, STEVE... AND I CAN'T LET IT HAPPEN!!



CRACK

WHEN STEVE WOOD RECOVERS HIS SENSES

YOU'RE GOING TO ASK WHERE YOU ARE, EH? IN A COZY LITTLE HIDEAWAY OF MINE, WOOD!! WE TOOK YOU THROUGH THE BACK DOOR AND ACROSS THE ALLEY...!!

SORRY TO BOP YOU, STEVE... BUT YOU SAID YOU WERE TAKING THE BOTTLE TO THE POLICE!!



...SO VILMA AND I HAVE JUST COME TO AN UNDERSTANDING, WOOD!! WE'LL DIVIDE THE PROFITS ON THE POISON!! IT MEANS FORTUNES TO PEOPLE IN THE RIGHT BUSINESS...

AND IT CAN'T BE TRACED BY DOCTORS OR COPS!!

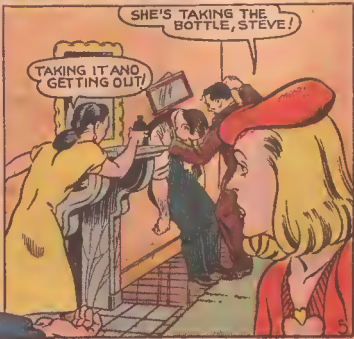


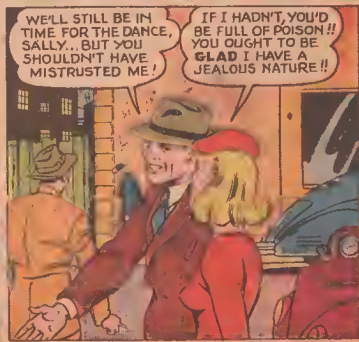
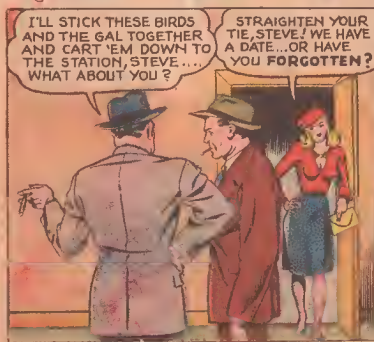
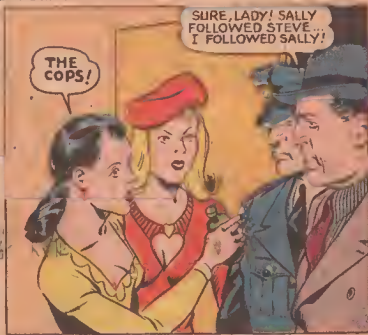
WHERE DO I COME INTO THIS?

QUIET, STEVE, OR MY BOYS WILL GO TO WORK ON YOU....!! AS A MATTER OF FACT, YOU'LL PLAY A VERY IMPORTANT PART....!!

I'M GOING TO TRY IT OUT ON YOU, SEE HOW QUICKLY IT KILLS... THEN HOLD AN AUTOPSY TO SEE IF IT'S REALLY UNTRACEABLE! AFTER THAT, I'LL STUDY IT FOR A FORMULA AND BEGIN MAKING ENOUGH TO SELL PROFITABLY....!!



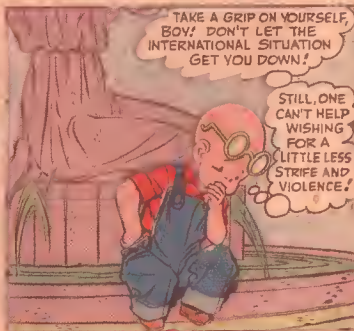
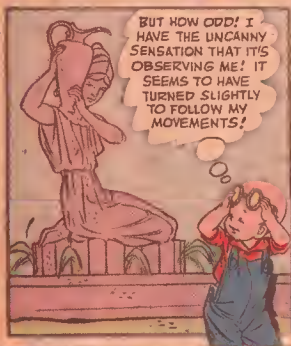




Intellectual AMOS

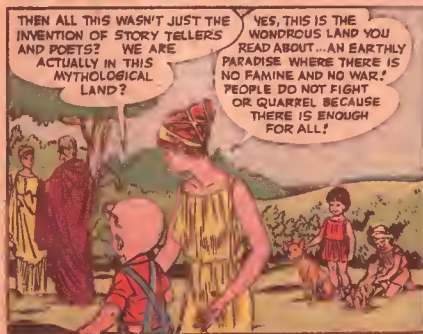
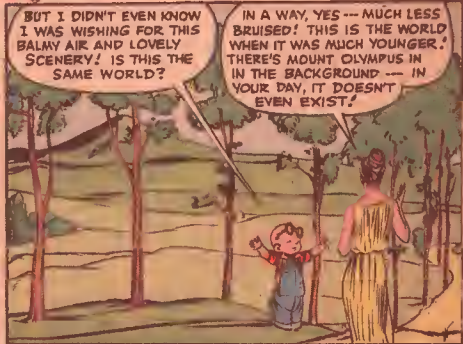
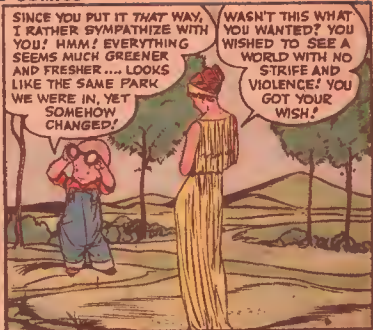


AHHH...A GREEK STATUE --IT LOOKS PEACEFUL ENOUGH!



STILL, ONE CAN'T HELP WISHING FOR A LITTLE LESS STRIFE AND VIOLENCE!



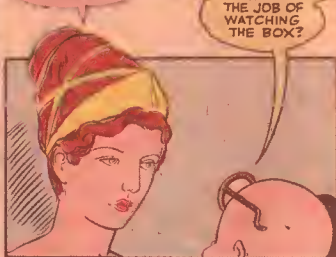


BUT, IF THIS IS OUR SAME WORLD, WHAT BROUGHT ABOUT THE TRANSITION? WHAT CHANGED THIS TRIBLE-FREE PARADISE?

OH, THERE WERE TROUBLES IN THE BEGINNING! BUT WITH CONSIDERABLE EFFORT ON THE PART OF EVERYONE, THEY WERE ALL ROUNDED UP AND LOCKED IN A GREAT BOX!

THE BOX WAS GIVEN IN TRUST TO THE PEOPLE....IT BECAME THEIR RESPONSIBILITY NEVER TO OPEN IT, LEST THE UGLY PLAGUES ESCAPE!

HMM... WOULDN'T IT HAVE BEEN A GOOD IDEA TO ORGANIZE A GOOD STRONG FORCE TO TAKE OVER THE JOB OF WATCHING THE BOX?



IT WAS DEEMED BEST NOT TO CONCENTRATE TOO MUCH POWER IN THE HANDS OF A SMALL GROUP! INSTEAD, THE RESPONSIBILITY WAS PLACED IN THE HANDS OF THE PEOPLE, WHICH IS JUST, FOR IT IS THEY WHO SUFFER WHEN THESE EVILS ARE LOOSE!...

WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO LOOK AROUND A LITTLE? JUST MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME HERE!



THIS IS A VERITABLE PARADISE—A WORLD UNTAINTED BY MONEY OR GREED! THE ONLY THINGS OF VALUE ARE FREE... ALL THE LAUGHTER AND HAPPINESS A WORLD CAN CONTAIN... BUT HOW DID WE LOSE ALL THIS? WHAT CAUSED THIS FALL... I WOULD LIKE TO KNOW!



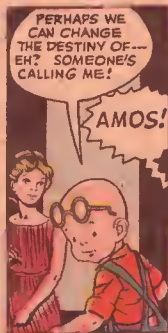
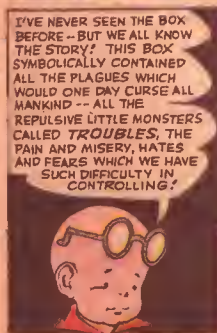
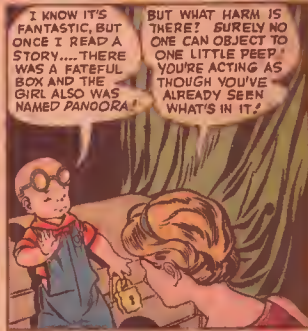
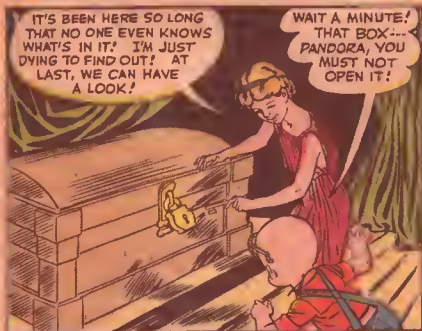
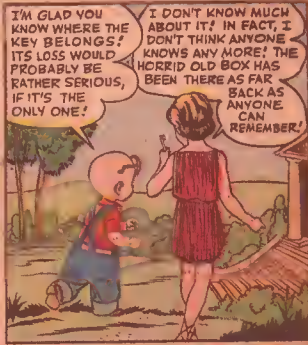
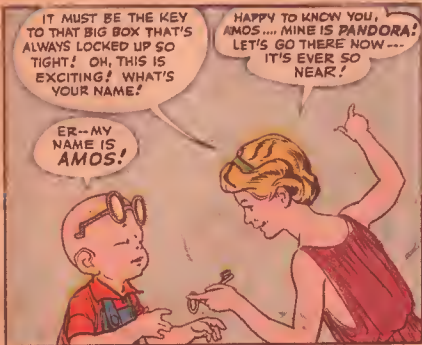
WHAT'S THIS?... A KEY? I'M SURE IT WASN'T THERE A MOMENT AGO!

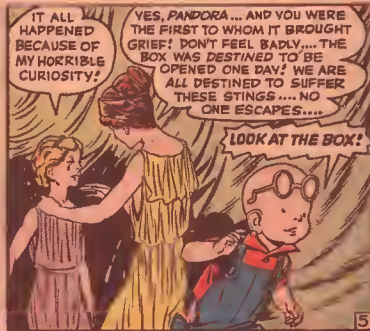
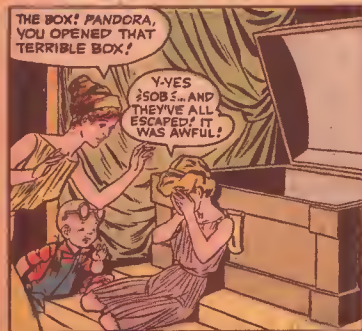
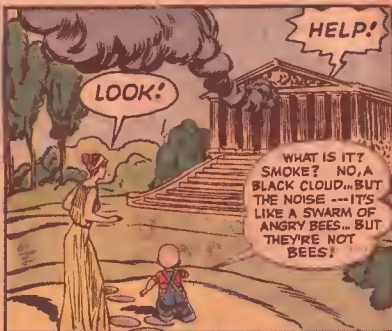
HMM! WISHES COME TRUE! CAN IT BE THAT THIS KEY CAN TELL ME THE STORY?

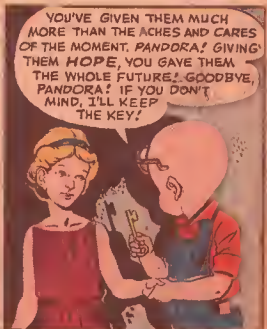
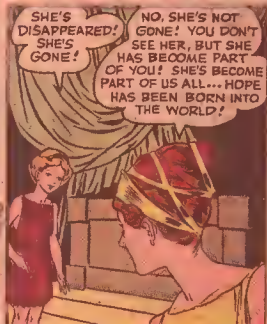


OH, DO LET ME SEE THAT KEY!









SALLY O'NEIL



THE UNDERWORLD PAID \$20,000 TO HAVE POLICEWOMAN SALLY O'NEIL FRAMED AND DISGRACED! THEY ALMOST GOT THEIR MONEY'S WORTH...UNTIL SALLY COOKED UP A LITTLE IRON-BARRED PRAME OF HER OWN!

**DON'T
KILL YOUR ENEMIES
AND RISK THE
ELECTRIC CHAIR**

**LET ME FRAME
THEM INTO PRISON
OR DISGRACE FOR
YOU!!**
The "Framer"

WE WANNA
SEE **THE
FRAMER**--
-- ON
BUSINESS!

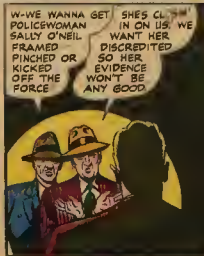
COME IN AND KEEP
WALKING TILL I
TELL YOU TO STOP
THEN **STOP!**

HEY, THAT
LIGHT'S
BLINDING
ME! I
CAN'T
SEE A
THING!

YOU'RE NOT
SUPPOSED TO
SEE! STAND
STILL AND
STATE YOUR
BUSINESS!

W-WE WANNA GET
POLICEWOMAN
SALLY O'NEIL
FRAMED
PINCHED OR
KICKED OFF THE
FORCE

SHE'S CL
IN ON US. WE
WANT HER
DISCREDITED
SO HER
EVIDENCE
WON'T BE
ANY GOOD



I DON'T WORK FOR PEANUTS! LAY \$20,000 ON THE TABLE AND THE FRAMER WILL GUARANTEE THE JOB!

WE GOT IT RIGHT HERE! WE HEARD THAT WAS YOUR FEE!



BRRR, WHAT A CREEPY LAYOUT! WONDER WHO THAT GUY IS!

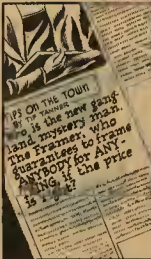
SOME BIG SHOT, I HEAR! NOBODY EVER SAW HIS FACE-- BUT HE'S GOOD!



Later that night...

YOU SENT FOR ME CHIEF?

YES SALLY. TAKE A LOOK AT TIP TANNERS GOSSIP COLUMN TONIGHT



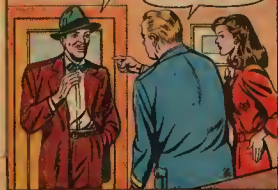
IT'S NEWS TO ME, CHIEF! MAYBE IT'S SOMEBODY TIP DREAMED UP JUST FOR THE SENSATION!

NOW, SALLY-- YOU KNOW ME BETTER THAN THAT!



I HAVE PLENTY OF CONFIDENTIAL INFORMERS AND THEY TELL ME THE FRAMER'S REAL AND PLENTY CLEVER!

ANY INFORMATION YOU HAVE, TANNER, SHOULD GO TO THE POLICE!



SURE, CHIEF! JUST READ MY COLUMN! YOU'LL GET ALL THE LATEST DOPE ON THE UNDERWORLD!! 'BYE, NOW!

I'LL LOOK INTO IT, CHIEF--- BUT NOT THROUGH HIS PAPER!



Later...

I'LL GET A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP AND THEN LOOK INTO THIS BUSINESS... WHAT ON EARTH?

HELP!

HELP!

A BAD WRECK--AND THERE'S SOMEBODY IN THAT CAR.

I'M COMING, MISTER!

I'M TRAPPED! GET HELP--- LIFT CAR--- OFF! HURRY!

HANG ON! I'LL GET PATROLMAN FLYNN TO HELP! HIS BEAT IS ON THE NEXT STREET!

FLYNN, COME QUICKLY! PUFF--A MAN'S TRAPPED UNDER A CAR! HURRY!

SALLY! LEAD ON--I'LL FOLLOW!

RIGHT HERE, FLYNN! HE APPARENTLY MISSED THE TURN AND---AWRRK! IT'S...IT'S GONE!

WHA...? B-BUT YOU SAID... SAY, WHAT KIND OF A TRICK IS THIS?

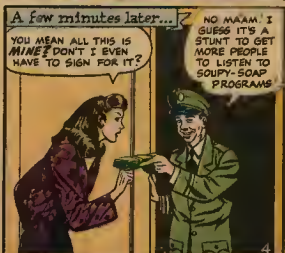
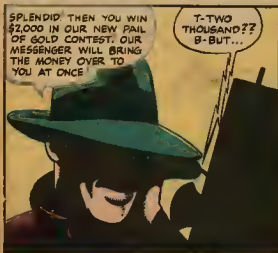
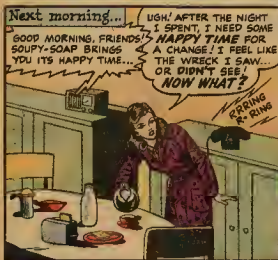
ARE YOU SURE YOU FEEL OKAY, SALLY? YOU'D BETTER GO HOME AND GET SOME REST! I'VE GOT TO GET BACK ON MY BEAT SO WE'LL FORGET THIS FOR NOW!

ALL RIGHT, FLYNN... BUT I WON'T FORGET IT! I TELL YOU THERE WAS A WRECK HERE AND A MAN TRAPPED IN A CAR!

An hour later...

I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT! I SAW THAT WRECK--OR DID I? I... NOW, WHO'S RINGING MY DOORBELL AT THIS HOUR?

RRRINGS



DEPOSIT THIS TO MY ACCOUNT!
IMAGINE MY WINNING \$2,000
IN A CONTEST I DIDN'T
EVEN KNOW WAS
RUNNING!

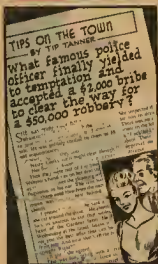
CONGRATULATIONS,
MISS O'NEIL! I
WISH I COULD
WIN SOMETHING
ONCE!



Later that day...

YOU WANTED TO
SEE ME, CHIEF?

YES, SALLY!
READ THIS,
PLEASE!



I DON'T KNOW
THE ANSWER,
CHIEF! I'D
HATE TO
THINK ANY
OF OUR
BOYS...

THE ITEM
DOESN'T
SAY POLICE-
MAN, SALLY!
WE HAVE
POLICEMEN,
TOO!



CAN YOU EXPLAIN THE \$2,000 CASH
DEPOSIT YOU MADE
THIS MORNING AFTER
YOU LED FLYNN
AWAY FROM THE
SCENE OF A ROBBERY?

CERTAINLY I CAN!
I WON THAT IN SOUPY-
SOAP'S NEW PAIR OF
GOLD CONTEST! DO
YOU THINK I
ACCEPTED A BRIBE?



INTERESTING! THE SOUPY-SOAP
OFFICIALS SAY THEY ARE
RUNNING NO CONTEST AND
NEVER HEARD OF ONE!
STATION QQWX SAYS
THE SAME!

BUT--BUT
THEY'RE WRONG!
I GOT THE
MONEY!



IT'S HOW YOU GOT IT THAT
COUNTS! I'LL HAVE TO ASK
FOR YOUR BADGE, SALLY,
UNTIL THE MATTER IS
CLEARED UP!

UHP! ALL RIGHT,
CHIEF! MAYBE IT'S
JUST AS WELL! I'M
BEGINNING TO SEE
THE LIGHT
NOW!



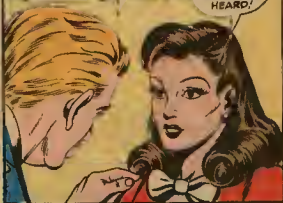
I'VE BEEN NEATLY FRAMED BY THIS FRAMER-- AND WHAT I'LL DO WHEN I CATCH HIM DOESN'T COME UNDER THE HEAD OF POLICE PROCEDURE!

WAIT, SALLY---



AS CHIEF OF POLICE, I HAD TO ACT ON THIS EVIDENCE, SALLY! YOU KNOW MY POSITION! BUT AS YOUR FRIEND, I'M FOR YOU!

THANKS, CHIEF! THAT'S THE FIRST HEARTENING THING I'VE HEARD!



I-I DON'T KNOW WHERE TO START-- I'M FRAMED AND SEWED UP TIGHT! NO ONE WITNESSED THE PHONE CALL AND UNDOUBTEDLY THAT MESSENGER WAS AN INNOCENT TOOL WHO'D KNOW NOTHING! AS TIP TANNER SAID---



WAIT A MINUTE. WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF THIS BEFORE? IF THE NEWSPAPER REPORTERS WILL PLAY ALONG WITH ME...



Some hurried calls from a nearby phone booth and then...

SO THAT'S THAT! I'VE CALLED EVERY NEWSPAPER AND CONFIRMED MY SUSPICION! NOW I'LL GIVE THE FRAMER A DOSE OF HIS OWN MEDICINE!



WELL--UH--IT SOUNDS CRAZY, SALLY! BUT I KNOW THE JAM YOU'RE IN AND I'D SURE LIKE TO HELP YOU! I'LL DO IT!

SWELL, FLYNN!

AND IF I'M RIGHT, WE'LL SOLVE YOUR WAREHOUSE ROBBERY AT THE SAME TIME! LET'S GO!



That night, as Tip Tanner enters his apartment...

HO--MMM. ANOTHER DAY. ANOTHER DOLLAR--AWRRK! WHAT'S THIS? A COP--- **MURDERED**-- IN MY APARTMENT.



I HEAR YOU IN THERE!
COME OUT WITH YOUR
HANDS UP, KILLER!

COMING...

BUMP!
BUMP!

SALLY O'NEIL... SO
YOU QUARRELED
WITH FLYNN, AND
KILLED HIM!

NO, TIP! YOU KILLED HIM!
HE'S IN YOUR APARTMENT
AND NOW YOUR FINGER-
PRINTS ARE ALL OVER THE
MURDER GUN!

MY GUN'S LOADED AND YOURS
ISN'T, MISTER
FRAMER!

Y-YOU'RE
CRAZY, SALLY!
WHAT ARE YOU
TALKING ABOUT?

YOU RAN THOSE FRAMER ITEMS
AND TOLD ABOUT THE BRIDE!
NONE OF THE OTHER PAPERS KNEW
IT, WHICH PROVES THAT YOU
KNEW BECAUSE
YOU WERE
THE FRAMER!

YOU CAN'T DO
THIS! YOU'RE A
COP! YOU CAN'T
FRAME ME FOR
A MURDER I
DIDN'T COMMIT!

I'M **NOT**
A COP!
YOU GOT
ME KICKED
OFF THE
FORCE--
REMEMBER?

WAIT! I'LL CONFESS--
I'M **THE FRAMER!**
I'LL TELL ABOUT
THAT SILK ROBBERY--
ANYTHING TO KEEP
FROM BURNING FOR
MURDER! I
FRAMED
YOU!

THAT'S ALL I WANTED
TO HEAR! AND THIS
I CAN'T RESIST!

WE ALL HEARD IT,
SALLY! YOU'RE CLEARED
AND **THE FRAMER**
HAS BEEN CAUGHT IN
HIS OWN TRAP!

IN THAT CASE,
CAN I GET UP
OFF THIS COLD
FLOOR AND
WIPE THE
CATSUP OFF
MY FACE?

LUG THAT GUY TO JAIL, BOYS!
SALLY, COME ON BACK AND
GET YOUR BADGE! I HAD IT
POLISHED UP FOR YOU THIS
AFTERNOON!

AWRRRK!

GRANNY GUMSHOE

by Gill Fox



GRANNY GUMSHOE
is the sweet, little old lady with the maternal personality whose abilities in criminology have made her a top-flight sleuth. Now she tangles with Mademoiselle Angora, a night club dancer, who uses devilish ingenuity to become fabulously wealthy overnight!

An urgent appeal for Granny's assistance from the Captain of The Homicide Squad brings Granny on the double



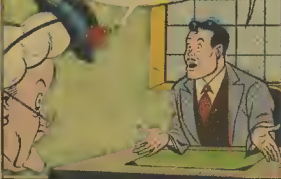
MRS. GUMSHOE,
WE NEED YOUR HELP.... WE'RE STUMPED!
FIVE MILLIONAIRES HAVE STRANGLED
THEMSELVES WITH THEIR
OWN RIGHT HAND!

AND AFTER EACH DEATH, A NIGHT CLUB
DANCER NAMED MADEMOISELLE ANGORA,
HAS APPEARED AT THE BANK WITH A GOOD
CHECK FOR ALL THE MONEY OF THE
DECEASED MILLIONAIRES!



WE KNOW SHE HAS A PHOBIA AGAINST RIGHT-HANDED MEN AND THAT SHE'S GUILTY, BUT WE CAN'T ARREST HER UNTIL WE KNOW HOW SHE DOES IT! THAT'S WHERE YOU COME IN!

HMMM, WONDER WHAT WOULD HAPPEN TO A SOUTH PAW? FIRST, I'LL HAVE TO RUN AN AD IN A NEWSPAPER!



Three days later... HMMM! YOU'RE THE TYPE I'M LOOKING FOR! YOU'LL FIND A FULL DRESS SUIT ON THE CHAIR IN HERE--PUT IT ON!

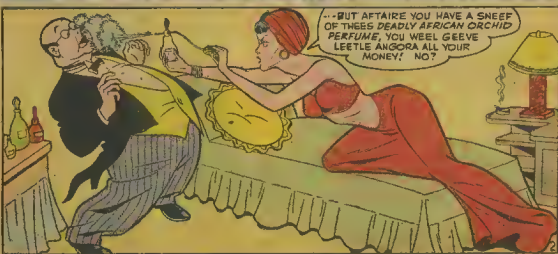
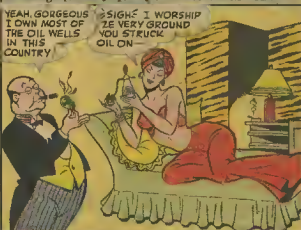
I CAME IN ANSWER TO YOUR AD FOR A LEFT-HANDED MAN!



NOW I WANT YOU TO PRETEND YOU'RE A MILLIONAIRE, STRIKE UP AN ACQUAINTANCE WITH THIS ANGORA WOMAN AND TOMORROW TELL ME EXACTLY WHAT HAPPENED!



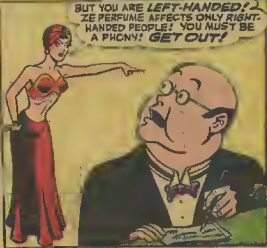
That night, Granny's phony rich man works fast....



NOW YOU HAVE NO CONTROL
OVER YOUR WILL POWER!
SIGN ALL YOUR MONEY
OVER TO ME ON THEES
CHECK! THEN CHOKE
YOURSELF WEETH
YOUR RIGHT
HAND!



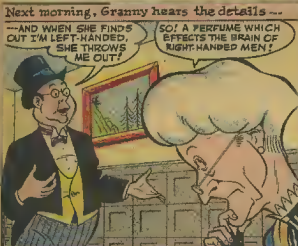
BUT YOU ARE LEFT-HANDED!
ZE PERFUME AFFECTS ONLY RIGHT-
HANDED PEOPLE! YOU MUST BE
A PHCNY! GET OUT!



Next morning, Granny hears the details...

---AND WHEN SHE FINDS
OUT I'M LEFT-HANDED,
SHE THROWS
ME OUT!

SO! A PERFUME WHICH
EFFECTS THE BRAIN OF
RIGHT-HANDED MEN!



HELLO GRANNY... I JUST GOT A TIP THAT
ANGORA HAS A DATE WITH J.C. GELT, THE
STEEL KING, TONIGHT!

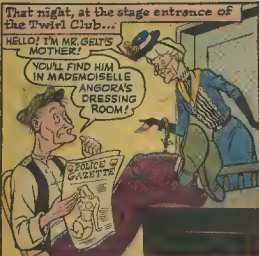
I'LL BE THERE
CAPTAIN! I THINK I'VE
GOT AN ANTIDOTE
HER DEADLY
PERFUME!



That night, at the stage entrance of
the Twirl Club...

HELLO! I'M MR. GELT'S
MOTHER!

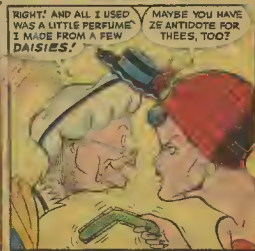
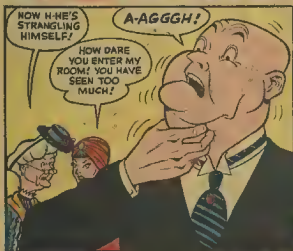
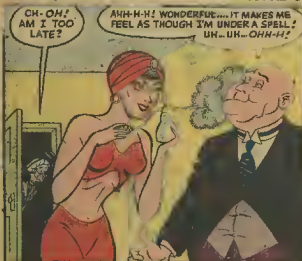
YOU'LL FIND HIM
IN MADEMOISELLE
ANGORA'S
DRESSING ROOM!



LET ME HAVE A WHIFF OF THAT
PERFUME YOU'RE USING, ANGORA!

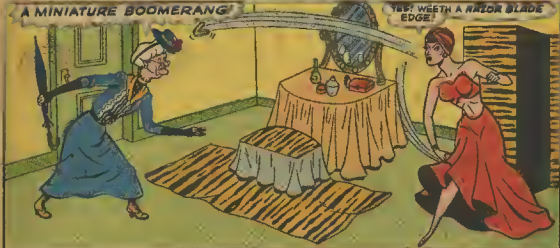
WEETH PLEASURE, MONSIEUR
GELT!





A MINIATURE BOOMERANG

YEE! WEETH A NAZOR BLADE EDGE!



WHEW! A CLOSE SHAVE, BUT I DON'T SHAVE



MEOWR-R-R!
I KEEL YOU
WIZ MY
CLAWS!



I THOUGHT WE'D END UP LIKE THIS, SO I BROUGHT THESE WEEDS! THEY'LL HOLD YOU UNTIL THE CAPTAIN GETS HERE!

PUK-R-R-R!



WHAT'S THAT STUFF YOU USED TO TAKE THE FIGHT OUT OF THAT FEMALE ALLEY CAT, GRANNY?

WELL, I FIGURED SHE HAD A CAT'S NAME, DID A CAT DANCE, AND HAD A CATTY PERSONALITY! SO I USED SOMETHING ALL CATS LOVE --- LOVE --- CATNIP!



THE *Lost* HERD

IT was hot, that September day in 1870. The herd of five thousand cattle were panting at sundown, and sweaty blankets showed around the edges of saddles borne by drooping cow ponies. Zack Poggin dismounted, removed his broad brimmed hat, wiped his forehead with one arm, and waved the other at the cowboys.

"Rrround 'em up and hed 'em down, boys," he said. "Looks like a pretty good camping place to me. It's only ten miles to the mouth of Magua Creek and the Rio Grande, and we've got the rest of the winter to get there, if we need in take it."

No one objected in the order, but one cow poke violated a long standing rule of the range; he prophesied about the weather.

"It's gonna come some kind of weather," he said. "It's too hot, even for the Big Bent country."

Poggin looked unsmiling at the sky. "May do it. Buck I reckon if it does we can stand it about as well here as anywhere."

It did come about midnight. Its coming was preceded by continuous flashes of lightning that almost made day out of night and clearly revealed rolling black thunderheads across the northern sky. Then the clouds rolled closer and brought with them a fierce biting wind, as they swooped down on the herd and the cow punchers. The rain came in sheets. The cattle stirred, began milling, and finally stampeded. Between the flashes of lightning the darkness was so thick that a man could not see his hand before his face. One or two of the cowboys started to try breaking up the stampede, but Poggin called them.

"No use, boys. We'll round 'em up tomorrow. Right now we've got to get ready for this blizzard, or we'll all freeze."

The outfit had a lone tent, which they hurriedly stretched, and they had been lucky enough to have camped near a ravine with a wind break to the north, in which they staked their ponies. They even managed to drag in some rain-soaked dead mesquite wood, which

came in handy later in making fires. Three of them slept in the chuck wagon, with the wagon sheet offering some protection from the blizzard. All of them found it necessary, however, to add their slickers to their rolls before they could sleep warm, and some of them tied their saddle blankets around their shivering horses to keep them from freezing.

The water turned to ice on the ground, and the mesquites nearby broke with the weight of iceles. Then the snow began, and it offered some shelter except when the men had to get out of their tent or wagon. For four days Poggin and his men struggled to keep from freezing. It was not until the storm broke and the weather cleared that they gave much thought to their herd of cattle. All the men agreed that it was the worst blizzard they had ever seen.

When they did start looking for their stock they failed to find them. For miles in every direction they scoured the countryside, but not a sign did they see of those five thousand cattle. The rain and snow had been heavy enough to wipe out tracks, but not even a frozen carcass could they locate. To all outward appearances the herd had vanished from the earth.

They had intended to graze the cows in the vicinity for the winter, but a single storm had wiped them out of existence. They could not guess what had happened to their stock. Some of the men thought the herd had drifted into the river and been drowned. That was possible, for the Rio Grande was half full of water. They had to abandon that theory, however, for they searched many miles down both sides, and not a drowned cow did they locate.

They wondered if rustlers had driven the cattle across the river and into Mexico, but in that case surely the herd would have left some kind of trail. To be certain about the matter, Poggin and his men scouted the country south of the border—and found nothing. For two weeks they hunted before they gave up and headed toward home, wondering what they would tell people about the whole business.

Whatever they told was retold again and again around chuck wagon fires until it became a legend. In time many persons came to regard it as a tall tale, on the same order as the Peecos Bill stories. Others were curious enough to visit the place where the herd was supposed to have vanished. Always they came away shaking their heads.

Various theories were advanced: Had Poggin and his men sold the cattle to Mexicans?

No. That possibility was thoroughly checked with the Mexican authorities.

The rustler angle was thrown out, too. No tracks had been found.

The cattle had simply vanished without a mark. It bordered upon the supernatural.

Some folk hunted up survivors of the expedition and heard the tale afresh. The fact that some of those men had reputations for truthfulness only deepened the mystery. No one could figure out what had become of the lost herd.

For several years the thing hung fire, and often Poggin heard ugly tales of what he and his men *might* have done to lose those cattle. When this occurred, there was nothing he could say in defense of his own and his men's reputations. Nothing he could say would help any. But he hoped mightily that some trace would be found of the five thousand head of cows.

Some fifty years later two prospectors entered the Mugon Creek region. They had heard that it contained a silver mine which Spaniards had operated in the days of the conquistadores, and they were trying to find it. Of course, they had also heard the story of the lost herd of cattle.

Said one, "If we find out what became of those cows it'll be worth almost as much as the old silver mine."

"Yes," replied the other, "I for one would rather find out about the lost cows than the mine. I have always wondered about that legend."

Sumdown found them in the upper end of a long canyon. As they needed water and a camping place, they pushed on down the canyon to find them. As they kept on riding south the canyon grew deeper, and its sides became steep-

er. The place was very dark and totally without life.

Finally, they reached the lower end, to find a wall of rock barring their path. There was an opening in it though, and to get a better view the men dismounted and peered through the twilight for a closer look.

"A cave," said one of the men, "and a big one at that."

"Yeah," said the other. "We'll have a look at it, but I'd suggest that we make camp and do it in the morning."

They camped, without water, and waited for morning, when they began an exploration of the cave. It covered several underground acres, and was filled with many tons of rock and debris as if from some ancient volcanic disturbance.

They had walked to the farthest end of the huge cavern, which was about a quarter-mile, when one of the men, carrying a torch, stumbled upon a whitish thing that was no rock.

"Bone!" he said. "Looks like an old time longhorn might have worn it. It's a skull!"

Then they began finding more bones. Tons of them, all white and bleached from long years of lying in the dry air of the cave.

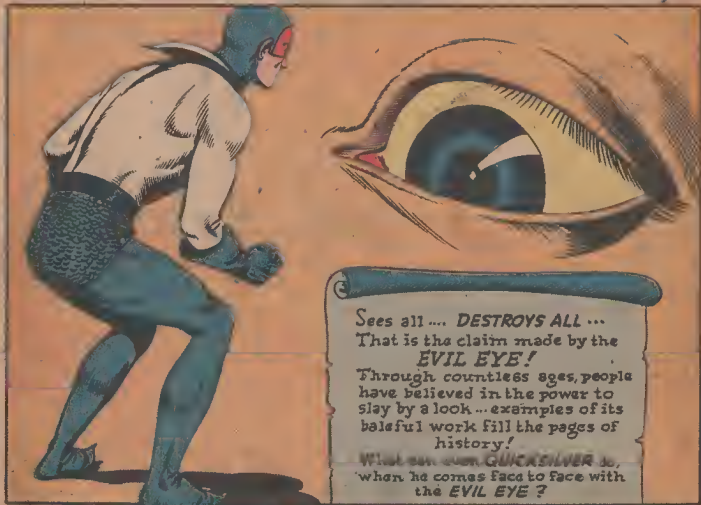
Then they came upon a veritable field of cow bones and long horns, all in a good state of preservation.

"You know what?" said one of the men. "I think the old mystery is solved. This is where those cattle ended up."

"Looks like it," said the other. "But how in the heck did they get in here? They couldn't have squeezed through that crack that forms the opening. It's too narrow."

The other nodded. "Big did you ever think of an avalanche, or a slight quake? That could have happened, shutting them off and the men looking for them."

There was no doubt in their minds, nor was there any in the minds of others who went to view the bone-filled cave. The mystery of the lost herd had been solved at last.



Sees all ... **DESTROYS ALL** ...
That is the claim made by the
EVIL EYE!

Through countless ages, people
have believed in the power to
slay by a look ... examples of its
baleful work fill the pages of
history!

What can even **QUICKSILVER** do,
when he comes face to face with
the **EVIL EYE**?

QUICKSILVER

High above the roofs of
the city's most sinister
street...

A CROWD'S
GATHERING
BELOW--AND
CROWDS NEVER
GATHER HERE
EXCEPT FOR
TROUBLE!

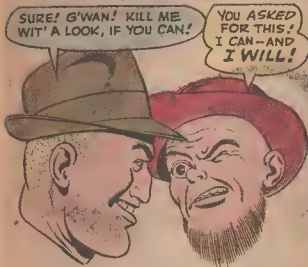
IT'S TRUE, YOU
FOOLS! THIS BOOK
HAS TAUGHT ME HOW
--I CAN CAST THE
EVIL EYE ON ANY-
ONE I CHOOSE!

HAW! HAW! HAW!
THAT MIGHT SCARE
SOME JERKS--BUT
NOT SQUATTY! YOU'RE
TALKING TO A
WISE GUY!

IF LOOKS COULD
KILL ANYBODY, I'D
BEEN LOOKED TO
DEATH LONG AGO--
BY SOME RIVAL
MOBSTER!

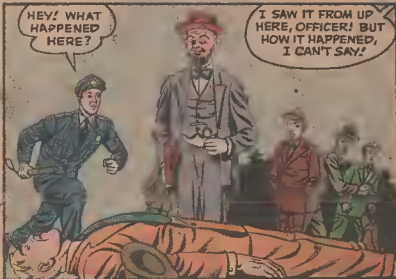
SQUATTY
--IF THAT'S
YOUR NAME--
YOU SEEM
TO BE DARING
ME TO DEMON-
STRATE MY EVIL
EYE POWER!





SURE! G'WAN! KILL ME WIT' A LOOK, IF YOU CAN!

YOU ASKED FOR THIS! I CAN--AND I WILL!



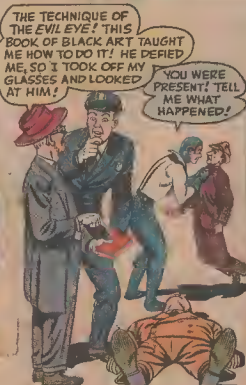
HEY! WHAT HAPPENED HERE?

I SAW IT FROM UP HERE, OFFICER! BUT HOW IT HAPPENED, I CAN'T SAY!



IT'S SQUATTY-- MUSCLE MAN OF THE WORRY WITSON GANG! HE'S DEAD, BUT I DON'T SEE A MARK ON HIM!

PERMIT ME, OFFICER! MY NAME IS ONAGER! I KILLED HIM WITH A LOOK!



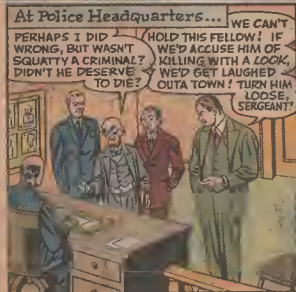
THE TECHNIQUE OF THE EVIL EYE! THIS BOOK OF BLACK ART TAUGHT ME HOW TO DO IT! HE DERIED ME, SO I TOOK OFF MY GLASSES AND LOOKED AT HIM!

YOU WERE PRESENT! TELL ME WHAT HAPPENED!



IT'S TRUE WHAT THE GUY SAYS! ONE LOOK AND... PHOOM! SQUATTY HANDS IN HIS DINNER PAIL!

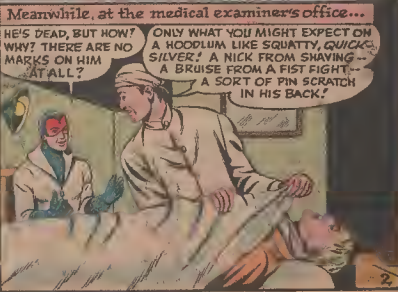
HELLO, DESK! SEND AN AMBULANCE-- AND THE PADDY WAGON! I GOT A CORPSE AND A SUSPECT!



At Police Headquarters...

PERHAPS I DID WRONG, BUT WASN'T SQUATTY A CRIMINAL? DIDN'T HE DESERVE TO DIE?

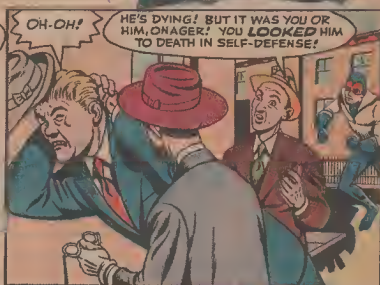
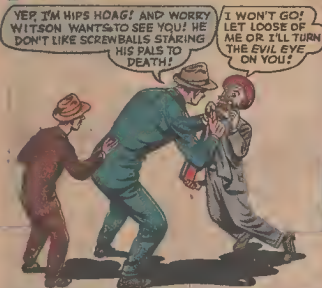
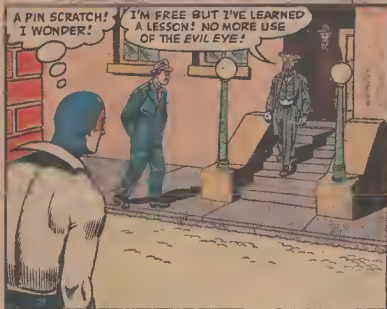
HOLD THIS FELLOW! IF WE'D ACCUSE HIM OF KILLING WITH A LOOK, WE'D GET LAUGHED OUTA TOWN! TURN HIM LOOSE, SERGEANT!

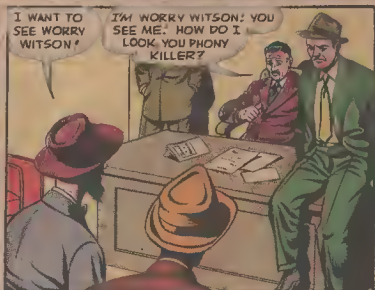
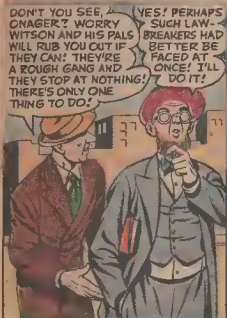


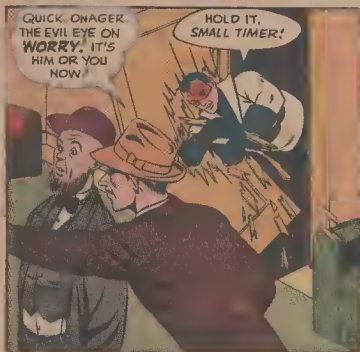
Meanwhile, at the medical examiner's office...

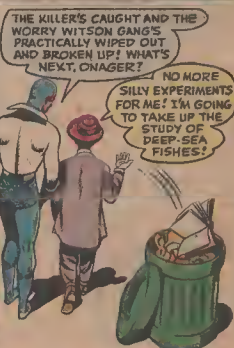
HE'S DEAD, BUT HOW? WHY? THERE ARE NO MARKS ON HIM AT ALL?

ONLY WHAT YOU MIGHT EXPECT ON A HOODLUM LIKE SQUATTY, QUICK SILVER! A NICK FROM SHAVING-- A BRUISE FROM A FIST FIGHT-- A SORT OF PIN SCRATCH IN HIS BACK!

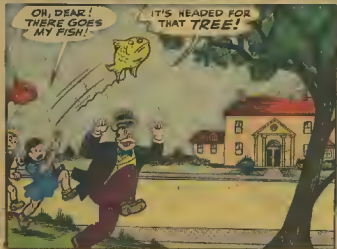
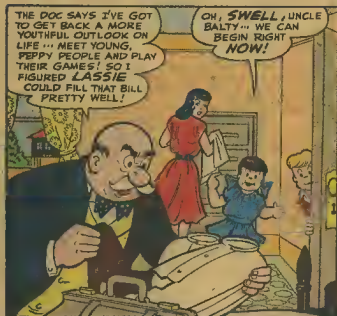


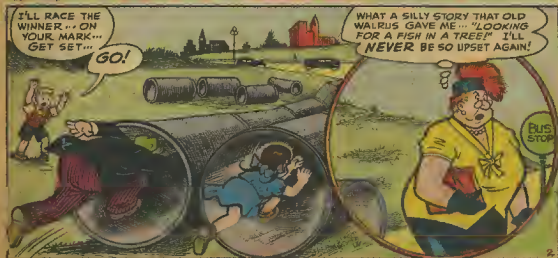
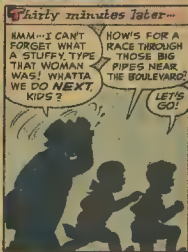
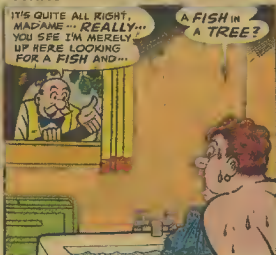


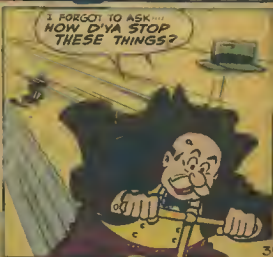
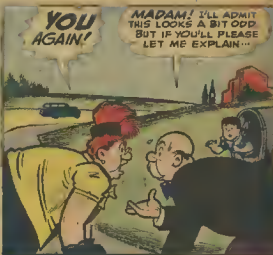




LASSIE



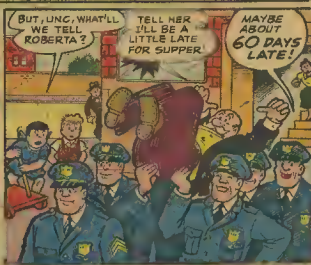
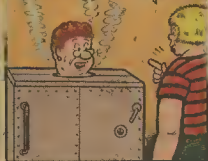






I TELL YOU, HILDA... IT WAS **GRUESOME**... THIS OLD CREATURE KEPT POPPING UP **EVERYWHERE!**

WELL, AT LEAST YOU'RE **SAFE HERE!** NO ONE **EVER** CRASHED THE LADIES'...



Later...

WOW!
CAN UNC
GO FAST ON A
SCOOTER!
WHERE'D HE
DISAPPEAR
TO?

THROUGH
THAT
WINDOW!

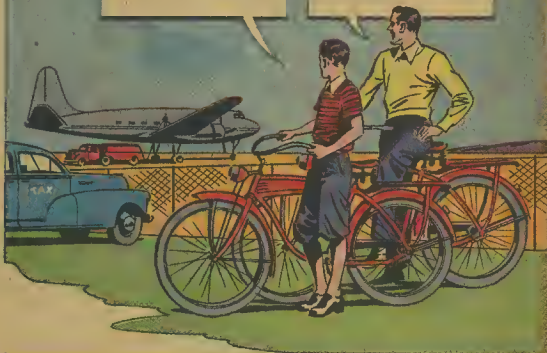
BUT, UNC, WHAT'LL
WE TELL
ROBERTA?

TELL HER
I'LL BE A
LITTLE LATE
FOR SUPPER

MAYBE
ABOUT
**60 DAYS
LATE!**

"Gosh Dad, you mean
Bendix Brakes
are on all three!"

"Yes Son—Bendix builds
brakes for all types of
planes, cars and trucks!"



GET THE NEW

Bendix

COASTER BRAKE!

If you want the latest and finest coaster brake be sure that your new bike is equipped with a Bendix® Coaster Brake. It is made by one of America's leading brake manufacturers and has all kinds of new features. You'll find bicycle riding a lot more fun with a Bendix Coaster Brake. TRADEMARK

IT COASTS LONGER • IT PEDALS EASIER
IT STOPS QUICKER



JUST LOOK AT THESE FEATURES

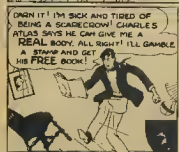
- * Easy to put together and take apart
- * Longer Life * Fewer Parts * Easier to Pedal
- * Stops Quicker * Coasts Longer

ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION of



ELMIRA, NEW YORK

HOW JOE'S BODY BROUGHT HIM FAME INSTEAD OF SHAME



Charles Atlas

— actual photo of the man who holds the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

I Can Make YOU a New Man, Too, in Only 15 Minutes a Day!

If YOU, like Joe, have a body that others can "push around"—if you're ashamed to strip for sports or a swim—then give me just 15 minutes a day! I'll PROVE you can have a body you'll be proud of, packed with red-blooded vitality! "Dynamic Tension." That's the secret! That's how I changed myself from a spindly-shanked, scrawny weakling to winner of the title, "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

"Dynamic Tension" Does It!

Using "Dynamic Tension" only 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own room, you quickly begin to put on muscle, increase your chest measurements, broaden your back, fill out your arms and legs. Before you know it, this easy,

NATURAL method will make you a finer specimen of REAL MANHOOD than you ever dreamed you could be! You'll be a New Man!

FREE BOOK

Thousands of fellows have used my marvelous system. Read what they say—see how they looked before and after—in my book, "Evolving Health and Strength." Send NOW for this book—FREE. It tells all about "Dynamic Tension," shows you actual photos of men I've turned from puny weaklings into Atlas Champions. It tells how I can do the same for YOU. Don't put it off! Address me personally, Charles Atlas, Dept. 3308, 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N.Y.



CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 3308
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N.Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Evolving Health and Strength."

Name Age
(Please print or write plainly)

Address

City Zone No.
(if any) State

"U.S. ROYAL"

WITH HIS
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



"OUTWITTING The KIDNAPPERS"



WHEN THEY FIND
THAT RANSOM NOTE
I'LL BE SITTING
PRETTY...

AS DEPUTY U.S. ROYAL AND THE BOYS OF THE ELM
CITY BIKE CLUB HEAR POLICE RADIO FLASH...

...KIDNAPPERS
LAST SEEN ON
ROUTE 22
DRIVING TOWARD
SPARTA
MOUNTAIN...

GOLLY...
THEY'RE HEADING
THIS WAY!

COME ON,
FELLAS...WE'RE
HEADING FOR
THE CROSSROADS!



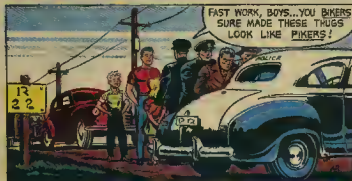
YOU GO GET THE POLICE.
I'LL STOP ALL CARS WITH
MY SPARK-INTERRUPTER!

* A SPARK-INTERRUPTER CUTS OFF
ALL IGNITIONS BY REMOTE CONTROL!

THE PLAN WORKS...THE KIDNAP-CAR
IS TRAPPED IN A BIG TRAFFIC-JAM!



THE POLICE
THEY'VE GOT THE
KIDNAPPERS



FAST WORK, BOYS...YOU BIKERS
SURE MADE THESE THUGS
LOOK LIKE PIKERS!

FELLAS...THE BOYS OF THE BIKE CLUB
AND I ARE MIGHTY PARTIAL TO U.S.
ROYAL BIKE TIRES. THAT BUILT-IN
SKID CHAIN GIVES US REAL
CONTROL AT TOP SPEED!



NEXT ISSUE:
TRAPPING A
BANDIT!

I CAN STOP FASTER-EASIER-
WITH THAT BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN*
--- SAYS "U.S." ROYAL

U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES ARE THE FAVORITE
WITH MOST BOYS. THE REASON? THAT BUILT-IN
SKID CHAIN GRIPS THE ROAD--IN ANY
WEATHER--GIVES QUICKER, SURER STOPS.
WHY NOT TRY U.S. ROYALS ON YOUR BIKE?

U.S. BIKE TIRES

America's Fastest Selling Tires



UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY
Serving Through Science

National Comics #61
1940 Series - Quality Comics, August 1947, coverprice 0.10 , 52 pages.
Format: standard newsstand comic

Zoom: 4x 16x

© Quality Comics *No Title Given*
Cover Credits:
Al Bryant (Pencils) Al Bryant (Inks)

Cover Feature: Barker

Genre: adventure;humor

Indexer notes:
1st 52-page issue

Editor: George Brenner

This series has been indexed by

Bob Klein
Lou Mougin .

- Stories/features:
1. Trouble Comes In Small Packages
 2. [Vilma and the Black Bottle]
 3. "[Pandora's Box, Take Two]"
 4. The Framer
 5. [Mademoiselle Angora]
 6. The Lost Herd
 7. The Evil Eye
 8. [Uncle Balthazar's Youthful Outlook]

Series info
[View covergallery](#)

Trouble Comes In Small Packages

(Sequence 1 , 11 pages
Feature Story: Barker

Credits:
Klaus Nordling (Script), Klaus Nordling (Pencils), Klaus Nordling (Inks),

Genre: adventure;humor

Indexer notes:
"title from cover; V: General Smallo, a husband-and-wife crook team (I for all)"

[Vilma and the Black Bottle]
(Sequence 2 , 6 pages
Feature Story: Steve Wood

Credits:
? (Script), Al McWilliams (Pencils), Al McWilliams (Inks),

Genre: detective

Indexer notes:
"V: Vilma Drum, Sawbones and his mob (I for all)"

"[Pandora's Box, Take Two]"
(Sequence 3 , 6 pages
Feature Story: Intellectual Amos

Credits:
Andre LeBlanc (Script), Andre LeBlanc (Pencils), Andre LeBlanc (Inks),

Genre: humor; adventure; children

Indexer notes:
"I: An ancient Grecian woman, Pandora, and Hope; story is a retelling of the Pandora's Box legend; last appearance"

The Framer
(Sequence 4 , 7 pages
Feature Story: Sally O'Neil Policewoman

Credits:
? (Script), Al Bryant? (Pencils), Al Bryant? (Inks),

Genre: detective

Indexer notes:
V: The Framer (I; Tip Tanner)

[Mademoiselle Angora]
(Sequence 5 , 5 pages
Feature Story: Granny Gumshoe

Credits:
Gill Fox (Script), Gill Fox (Pencils), Gill Fox (Inks),

Genre: detective

Indexer notes:
V: Mademoiselle Angora (I)

The Lost Herd
(Sequence 6 , 2 pages
Credits:
? (Script), typeset (Letters).

Indexer notes:
text story

The Evil Eye
(Sequence 7 , 6 pages
Feature Story: Quicksilver

Credits:
? (Script), Dan Zolnerowich (Pencils), Dan Zolnerowich (Inks),

Genre: superhero

Indexer notes:
"I: Onager; V: Squatty, Hips Hoag, an unnamed hood (all I, D), Worry Witson and his gang, an unnamed murderer (I for all)"

[Uncle Balthazar's Youthful Outlook]
(Sequence 8 , 4 pages
Feature Story: Lassie

Credits:
Bernard Dibble (Script), Bernard Dibble (Pencils), Bernard Dibble (Inks),

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